

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Like A Throttle"

[krs-one]

\*snapping fingers and singing\*

Ha ha, hah hah! da-doo-doo-doo, do-doo

You wanna test me are you stupid?

Gotta be out of your fuckin mind

Krs-one is the don, seen?

Come down kenny park-ah!!

Hahaha, you know

I don't know what your management be tellin you

I don't know what your producers be tellin you

But yo, you step this way

You're gettin played, out of position

So let me give you a little style

Check it out

Everytime krs-one steps in the jam

The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand

Brooklyn's ready uptown's in the house

Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out

That's it! none of the gimmicks, tricks, oh it's

You either have the hits, or the crazy hype lyrics

But mc's come half-assed, and lookin pitiful

None of em lyrical but their ego is critical

Like I said I'm not a muslim but to allah I'm obedient

Some mc's on the mic become muslims when it's convenient

And I've seen it!

Real muslims praise allah, and they mean it

Others are dreamin it with sex me and do me and

I'd rather listen to the brand nubians

You know it's funny everybody wants money

And material things from cars and chicken wings

When they sing, they sing for the cash

They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash

You get respect by bein creative

And yes a native to your audience, so you know reality

In other words, if you ain't a gangsta why play you a gangsta?

If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex?

If you believe in allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check?

All of this is incorrect

First should always come respect

The charts are not equal to the respect of the people

Their respect doesn't weeble or wobble  
They know the difference from an artist and a lip-syncin model  
    Right on stage, you'll get a bottle  
    You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

    I'm the freshest thing on the mic don't mess with me  
    I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe  
Don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry  
    You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry  
    You're no astronomer why see me as astronomy  
    But I'm a parker so I'll play you like monopoly  
    Don't entertain the thought of droppin me  
    To think of me as anything less than your teacher  
    Crazy you got to be  
    These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily  
    I rip it up constantly  
    You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

    The teacher will come, again and again and again and again  
    To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend  
    So-when-their-lyrics-finish-krs-one-just-begin  
Ripping up sucker teachers put their courage to an end  
    So once again, the trendsetter comes a lot better  
    Forever too clever for a petty mc in leather  
    Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync  
    The lyrics I write, help me think  
To guide ink off the paper through the air smack in your face  
    And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace  
    Just in case, get the fuck out my face I run this place  
    You're lucky you're from the same race  
    A simple technique will keep you on beat  
With the style from the street you compete with the elite  
    That's weak -- flashin gold and can't speak  
    I seek the direction of the brown complexion  
    So every year, I appear somewhere  
    That you hear my dear to get one thing clear  
    Whether on welfare or millionaire  
    Don't step to this here or you outta here  
    Allow me now to please change the gear  
? and-pick-up-the-mic-you-missed-those-happen-around-me-have-me-feared, come!?  
    ? we come in the dance we haffa likka of a shot an towah?  
    Let's get back to the hip-hop  
    You come into the place you can't look in my face  
    Cause the light is bright and I'm towering in height  
    See there are millions of stars in the sky  
When the sun appears none are visible to the eye  
    Why, the reason is the sun is the sun  
    You can't possibly rock, until I'm done  
And finished, and like the evening I'll fade

But when I return you'll cry for more shade  
So check the dancestyle cause I am not  
Softening up it's time that I rock and sing  
Not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
But instead bring intellect pon ting  
Cause you can inject ignorance in rap  
But kenny parker ain't tryin to hear that